Me

to

Dai

Shanagarry, 10.I.73 Dearest Dai, I think I'll have to type this, for it may be rather long and confused, and I dont want to make it worse for you by the added labour of my writing. I'll try to start from the beginning - for the Nelson signal example was only really an introduction to the problem that concerns me. Edward Johnston used to say, very rightly, that if you once express a problem in the proper terms, you are nine-tenths of the way to solving it: but I'm not too sure that I can in fact express it properly.

To return to the Trafalgar signal - or rather to the note in which you refer to it: I take this as one extreme of two opposing views; the other extreme being the passage you quote, from Caird, in Epoch and Artist and again in the Mariner introduction.

(To interpolate: no, I do not like the title-page. I think it most certainly has not come off, not by a long chalk. There is, to me, something peculiarly vile in the juxtaposition of the type in which 'An Introduction to' is printed and the shadowed lettering - the vileness lying not only (or so much) in the mixture of shapes as in the excessive blackness of the first: and the two together are a bestial accompaniment to the furrow-freedom of the engraved lettering. However . . .)

Anyway, to return to these two extremes: call the first, the Caird view, the positivist view; and call the other . . . what? I might be inclined to say, fashionably, the numinous view - but the word has been very much overworked, and, although it sounds (simply, I imagine, because it rimes with luminous) as tho' it expressed what we mean (the shining-thro' of the universal in the particular) I believe its real meaning to be quite different, i.e. a supernatural power , ranging from the angry Juno herself to some quite tin-pot little river-god. I wouldnt make such a fuss about this, were it not that I object to the use of words as convenient labels (in public - between people closely in sympathy it's different), without taking the trouble to consider how they should be defined. It's when you come strictly to define what you mean that you may well find that you dont really know, you havent worked it out; and so you pick up the convenient label and slap it on. I'm not saying that you yourself do this, but people who write about you are very inclined to. I'd almost rather use the word platonic, as standing for idea or form as opposed to concrete paric-

ular - or, indeed, I'd use material and spiritual for the two extremes. And those two ~~areds~~ roads, matter and spirit, bring me to the point I'm trying to reach: the contradiction between two things, both of which I know to be true or (which comes to the same thing) both of which I know to be untrue. For I am a great believer in the elusiveness, indeed the non-existence for us, of truth; and even as I write that I see that as I do so I involve myself again in a contradiction - for, in that case, how can the statement which I have just made about the non-existence of truth, itelf be true? Yet that is just our predicament, and in order to solve itsome go to the platonic end of the chain, some to the positivist.

And it is here, to my mind, that the notions of matter and spirit come in and point to a possible reconciliation. We used to say that matter and spirit were both real and we used to attach (at least I did) great importance to the distinction between them. Yet the more the materialist is forced back on matter, the more matter eludes him. When suufficiently analysed, he finds that all he has left is something which he can describe only by metaphor, as energy, as potential, as acceleration. He's back in fact with the early Greek natural philosophers..He cant measure, or weigh, or time. And, to balance this, the platonist is forced to acknowledge that the cosmos is a single unity, and that spirit is an ineluctable development of the increasing complexity of matter (cf. Teilhard). Ultimately, then, the positivist and the platonist views coincide, each being a concentration on only one side of the matter-spirit dialectic. I cant help using the word dialectic there, for it seems to me to fit the case admirably in that it implies both the contradiction and the possibility of a third something emerging from it.

Start again from another angle, and take that passage from Caird, and interpret it in his own positivist terms. 'It (i.e. the modern world) takes particular facts for no more then they are'. This, however, is just what it cannot do: for the thought itself is expressed in <u>words</u>. Once you use words, you are using signs - you cant, in fact, use any word - any word, that is, which carries a distinct meaning with it - without saying 'more than t

it is'. I was greatly impressed by a book which I picked up on a horrible rubbish dump near here, a book of which, I must confess I'd never heard - Richard Trevenix Chench, no, I mean Chevenix Trench, 'On the study of Words' - first published in I85I - he was Dean of Westminster and later Abp of Dublin - a man of his name, with a lovely wife called Ann, was staying near here last year - and we dined with them - a man with that lovely sort of intelligence which just neatly brackets onto what you are saying, adds something that overlaps, and carries the line of thought along another interesting road - however, to get back to what R. Ch. T. says: that 'words are living powers, are the vesture, yea, even the body which thoughts weave for themselves'. The notion of incarnation is paramount with both of us, I know. If I said what is the cosmos, you might well answer 'an incarnation'; and if I said, what is making, again you would say 'an incarnation'.

What I am feeling my way towards is this: that the notion of the distinction between the utile and the non-utile is no more than a convenience - just as matter and spirit is convenient, but not a real distinction. It's convenient within the framework of the static, geo-centric universe for which the philosophia perennis provided an acceptable physical and metaphysical explanation; but it's meaningless within a fluid, evelving cosmos which at this very moment is boiling up to what Teilhard would call another critical point..These critical points have been marked by life, thought, consciousness - and now we're coming up to one which may be even more shattering, when we find those very co-ordinates we have always regarded as almost sacredly permanent, time and space, threatened by the possibility of fantastic increases in spped. We know that something terrible is looming up - it may, of course, be our old enemy the cataclysm, now only too easy to conceive as exploding on us - or it may be something of terrible grandeur. And yet, whatever it is, we shall still have homo faber, man the incarnator. And what will his works be, and what will they be signs of?

Well, I think you yourself provide the clue in a couple of passages or notes or conversations we've had. First, there's the

S.M.L.E. (incidentally, and rather annoyingly, and it's my fault, it's printed with a lower-case 'S' in I.P.) - with which one could compare the lovely, short, now-rusting, Roman sword I saw in the museum at Cardiff - both made, one might say, as tools to fit a particular purpose, but both, too, bearing the sign-manual of man. Yet they bear that imprint at different levels, for the later weapon is the fruit not only of a more developed technology but of greater co-operation between different sorts of workers. There is obiously something that you would call gratuitous in the roman weapon - the choice of this rather than that curve, this or that finish to the hilt etc. The rifle is a much more industralised, to a large extent mass-produced object, yet here, too there is something gratuitous, something which tells the workman that this particular waisting at the small of the butt, some particular proportion in the head of the bolt, the part cular rounding of the wood that clasps the barrel (things not dictated entirely by the requirements ofthe object-designed-for-use) - all these show forth the man - as, indeed, they're bound to - just as I was saying that by the very use of words the positivist denies his whole thesis, because the instruments (words) which he uses to support his thesis are themeselves symbols that go far back into man's first fumblings and have over them a patina of tradition and association. There's a development, easy enough to follow in the case of the roman sword and the S.M.L.E, in the case, too, of the wagon, chariot, steam-engine, delta-wing. But when we follow man the maker thro' his technological development, the issue is very often obscured by the mere badness of the work produced (as so horribly in our own plastic age). The reason, however, for the badness lies not in the technology (it cant, for that is built into man) but in cupidity, arrogance, laziness. Here again our old dialectic comes in, in that the greatest pessimism can only point to the greatest optimism (Teilhard again).
I break off for a moment for two parenthetical remarks - the first, it is true, allied to our subject. I was interested to read (in Agenda) a hint of what I am trying to express in an article by someone who seems to me to write with understanding, and of whom,

you, I'm pretty sure, approve, Nancy Sandars. (as a parenthesis inside a parenthesis, isnt her Poems of heaven and hell from ancient Mesopotamia bloody marvellous) - to resume, after speaking of to-day's 'fragmentation' she goes on to find in the Anathemata 'a world that is a whole, concentrated and converging'. Now, those last three words are Teilhard's, and by using them she does what less valuable commentators fail to do: she looks to the future. I was very sorry when I was talking for a minute or two in Cardiff that I had no chance to do this; for I wanted to say, 'Fine, D.J. conserves the tradition, knits Flood to Flanders, preserves (digression here for comments on a passage from Plato's Phaedrus - Welsh housewives waiting for the fruit-gums advertisement dont know what they were spared) the heroic - <u>but</u> what happens now? Of one thing I am sure -for if I were not it would be a sort of suicide - that man's spirit must absorb and develop in no matter how tremendous a degree of technological advance, and that his work - whether it be the gleaming space rocket on its launching pad (do not those last two wrods illustrate what Chev. Trench says of words as the body of thought?) or a picture painted on some curious new alloy (tho' I feel that's a bit dodgy - but you know the sort of thing I mean) it will still bear the same hand-mark ('blown-up' so to speak) as the beautiful ox-headed fire-dogs I also saw in Cardiff.

Before my second, quite off the point parenthesis, here's one nearer the point - your own reference to the foreign lettering on the German stick-bomb. I felt the same when reading, or rather looking at, the Russian lettering in the jeeps we used in Burma - diverted there, I suppose from the Russian convoys. Do something to the 'utile' that lets you see it with pure vision - as a painter can look at a landskip or a terrace of houses - and you see it as a 'made' thing.

The off the point one is this - I've just been reading Tolstoy's Stories of Army Life - they're not stories, really, but descriptive accounts of soldiering in the Crimea and Caucasus - anyway, you probably know them - and I was pleased to see a footnot of Tolstoy's which would please you, '<u>He</u> is used by soldiers as a collective noun for the enemy' - the 'he' in that case

being the French and British beseiging Sevastopol. Incidentally, too, re-reading Robt Graves, I noted that while 'he' was 'Jerry' to the rank and file, he was very often 'Fritz' to the officers.

Poor David - if you've reached as far as this - forgive me, for this long and very muddled writing. I should read it thro' and try to put it into some sort of order and extract something coherent from it. It's wandered a long way from the Mariner: you can reject what is obviously nonsense or only a-quarter-emerged sense - but I think there may be some core of sense lurking somewhere in it - and you'll recognise it if anyone can.

Consider your own preoccupation with the ship, the voyage - how you build up a gang of Taplows, some as excellent as our William, some blackguards and crooks, the sort of scum which manned Jack London's Elsinore or Dana's ship in Three years before the mast, or Basil Lubbock's ship - I forget the name - how you build them up into, see them as, an ecclesia. Then take the ship, and describe it in positivist terms, and you'll find that it is impossible to do - every word you use, mast, stem, yard, keelson, deck, gun-port, whip is loaded with meaning that takes you back to Odysseus and beyond, both in time and space. So what I conclude is that just as the positivist view is simply non-existent (not simply wrong) so too is the platonic - or rather every view must ultimately be the human view, the maker's view. It's more even than having two sides to the medal - it's a sphere which you roll around in your hand, or regard sometimes from the inside and sometimes from the outside. However, I look like running off now into myth, like the great Plato himself. And the mention of Odysseus reminds of what is to me one of the oddest and most moving passages in the Odyssey - when he is told that his happy old age will be preceded by a journey so far from the sea that men have never heard of it and ask him whether the oar he carries over his shoulder is some sort of winnowing fan. My god, how bad my typing is.

What I have been trying to say to some extent coincides with what Eric used to say - but I dont think Eric quite saw technological development (which can be disinterested and in a sense

gratuitous) as something separate from the economic system in which it appeared: i.e. he tended to see what happened after the seventeenth century scientific revolution and the later industrial revolution as nothing more than the fruit of greed. Moreover, his commonsense attitude to the arts was much less illuminating than he took it to be. It's all very well to say that art is skill in making, but the definition gives you two more words to define, 'skill' and 'making', which are just as difficult to pin down. Ignotum, indeed, per ingotius.

Again to interpolate, a lovely letter from Harman - for the phrase ig. per igntus reminds me of what they said of the Norman in Ireland - that he became Hibernicor ipsis Hibernicis, and Harman was telling me of hid wild Irish cousins in County Tipp, of whom that phrase might well be used.

A further point, about skill in making. I'm not too sure about this, but I have an idea that one should not over-emphasise the difference in quality between the skill in making of the beaver or bee and that of man; for I suspect that in that of the beaver there lies the seed of that of man - for this power of artefacture must have been built into the first two hydrogen atoms which collided in space and so started the chain of complexity which will ultimately lead to the complete incarnation of the pleroma.

Shanagarry, 22 May 1974

I'm typing this, Dai, for the sake of your eyes, and because it takes up less room, much as I hate the impersonality of the machine, and badly tho' I use it. - The six dukes (you letter, full of interest and received with gratitude this morning) : Joan says you have remembered the words correctly - the missing lines, the ones you admire so much, are omitted from the Percy Grainger setting, and he says 'These two verses were first collected by Miss Lucy E. Broadwood, in 1906, and are left out in this setting'. He gives them, then, as follows:

Six dukes stood before im, twelve razd him from the gron:
nine lords follerd aftr'im in ther back mournin gon.
Balck was their mournin and white was ther wand,
and se (=so) yaller was the flamboys what they carried
in ther and.

But I'll be in Cork tomorrow or soon, and I'll have a xerox copy made of it for you : for he tells you where it came from (Lincolnshire) and gives a list of the vowel pronunciations. He says 'This mixture of dialect and standard english pronunciation is typical of the old singers I have collected from; they are trying to sing english, and the lovely dialect sounds creep in an enrich unawares'.

The hkstorical background is interesting - if its true that the duke was first duke of Suffolk (of the second creation) Michael de la Pole, a Hull merchant, became lord chancellor, and was made earltof Suffolk. He was attainted, and died in Paris. His son Michael, second earl, died with Harry of Monmouth at Harfleur, and his son Michael, third earl, died shortly after wrads at Agincourt - and his brother William became lord great chamberlain, warden of the Cinque Ports, Lord high admiral, and the first duke -

and the first duke - and he was murdered in I450. - why I dont know, but I read that he was washed ashore near Dover. (The first earl, by thw way, was attainted because of his love of Richard II - which brings the whole story and song even closer to you).

I've been reading the Welsh chapters in Powicke's 'Thirteenth Century' in the Oxford Host. of England : very good, bloody complicated - endless complexities crammed into so few years. I noted one thing that pleased me, and will please you: Powicke is speaking of the change in Welsh society in the I3th cent. 'On the one hand was the tribal and pastoral life within the borders of well-established and fiercely treasured lordships, centres of Welsh particularism ("Queen of the differentiated sites . . . ")- on the other was the movement towards the union of the tribal patriae under the primacy of the prince of Snowdonia, or Gwynedd . . .' - It's his use of the word of which youre so fond - patria - that interested me. What a vast part law played in those times - endless arguments about legal forms, relationships, titles, obligations. Bloody interesting quotation from (possibly, says Powicke) a clerk in Abp Pecham's circle, who describes 'the Welsh as a Trojan debris swept into the wooded savagery of Cambria' - which comes up in the very beautiful change at the top of page 95 of the Sleeping Lord, when you move from the sleeper to the sentry: 'Does he cock his weather-ear . . .these broken dregs of Troea . . .)

- which reminds - I hope you got that piece I sent you about the S.L. - and that I didnt forget to enclose it - or that you thought it a load of nonsense - but I think that you probably forgot.

I've just written to Meic Stephens of the Welsh Arts Council to tell him that I'm now engaged on the little Dai Jones book they asked me to write - and to say that after saying to myself for so long that there ought to be a commentary on the Anathemata, I've now at last decided that I must make a start. Any piblisher will say that it is commercially an impossiblt proposition, I fear: so I think that the Welsh Arts Council and the Univ of Wales Press ought to do somehting about it. - Anyway, when I've made a start, I'll send you a bit to see what you think - and there are a number of oeople - most of all you - who can help me - and when I say 'you', it means that, somehow or other I shall have to fine a way of being in england long enough to talk to you sufficiently.

The Mermaid affair - I'd just been reading your letter to Saunde s L in Agenda, binding like hell about the Redriff section in the radio production. Well, at the Mermaid the actor who did both Redriff and the N.C.O. in the Fatigue was, I thought, wonderful (Frank Richards) - in Redriff he was not Cockney - he had it just right, I thought, just the plain, unposh, assured, un-vulgar and yet/~~let/the/people let/the/people~~, 'of the people' - the right voice for a skilled, independent, closely-in -touch-with- materials-and-tools, very much the boss in his own domain, master of his trade. He was good, too, as the N.C.O. in the Fatigue - where the Welshman, Aubrey Richards (tho' you migh have thought him too emotional) was, I thought, terrific. He was nervous about doing it, but he abaolutely got hold of it - or rather it got hold of him: he was terribly moved and moving: and he made the transition from the column-dodging - the 'make yourself scarce at the hand-out' - to the realisation of the tremendous nature of this particular occasion, with a wonderful build-up of awe and passion. 'Lle'r Benglog' went thro'

/\/\/ went tthro' the building like the thunderbolt of Zeus - and it was followed by the ordered, inexorable,billowing wave of your own reading - I dont wonder Bernard, god bless and keep him, wept.

By chance, looking for another book, I found a copy of a small /\/\ de la Taille book which Tom published in 1930 - a sort of Mysterium Fidei without tears: but even so pretty hard to follow at times, because it assumes a knowledge of the controversy going on at the time about de la T, and I cant really remember what that was all about, except that some people got very heated about it. I think they accused de la T (wrongly) of belittling Calvary by saying that the oblation on Sheethursday made the immolation on Calvary unnecessary - no, that's distorting even their distorted of de la T; what I mean is that they when de la T says (of the supper) 'He is no longer his own:henceforth the grave claims him as its prey' and adds 'that is why oriental interpreters of this text tell us that three days and three nights shall pass unbroken over the sepulchre of Christ before his resurrection', his opponents said that de la T was making Calvary into a mere appendage to the supper. But I'm muddled about this and I expect I have it wrong.

But here's something of which I'm more certain. I was looking at the (terribly bad) reproduction in the S.L. of your taratantara inscription - and was delighted with the comment on the facing page - the two'G's' at the end - 'it's always B Company', and thinking of Vergil's version of the Ennius line, and how interesting is Vergil's 'artificiality' in dropping the taratantara, adding the 'aere canoro' and then starting the next line with the wonderfully appropriate 'increpuit', which not

only has the harsh sound of the trumpet, but also has the sense, in addition to the 'crackling' noise, of 'upraiding', of calling to order, of saying 'jump to it' - as your N.C.O. in the Fatigue says, 'and you can report for optio's party immediate . . .that's now' - Christ, one know's that particular Elight-sergeant's intonation and accentuation of that word - and that's contained in Vergil's increpuit.

Another Ennius thing - did you tell me this, or did I tell you, or did we speak of it from some other source - the lovely foreshadowing of Vexilla regis in Ennius' 'o magna templa caelitum Commixta stellis splendidis' - just the same rhythm - and the last three words foreshadow Vergil and through Vergil Fortunatus again. This was one of the things that I tried to say (becasuse it runs on into your Arbor axed) at the Mermaid; there were many young pople there, and someone, I forget who, told me that one young person said to him afterwards that they had been pleased by what I said about this opening of doors, by which one poet leads into another, and back again, because it gave them a new line of approach and opened things up for them, and made them see a pattern - and this pleased me greatly.

However, I must stop no, very dear Dai - Ive got to devise some way of getting over again for there are many things I want to ask you.

Shanagarry, Co Cork. 5.6.74

Many thanks, our very dear Dai, for your de la T letter - and I'm glad to see tht my memory served me truly . Here are a couple of things that will confirm you in your view. First, the new (not that's its new, but I mean the 'new' as opposed to the really old) Liddell & Scott,=includes among the meanings of anamnēsis 'memorial sacrifice' and quotes in that sense the passage in Luke (22.19) which concerns us. Secondly, what about the following from the 'Catholic Encyclopaedia', than which what could be more conservative and respectful of tradition: the article is by a German, Dr Joseph Pohle, Prof. of Dogmatic Theology, University of Breslau, and the date 1911.

'. . . we subjoin the four passages in Greek and English:
I. Matt.26.28: Touto gar estin to haima mou to tes kainēs diathēkes to peri pollōn ekchunnomenon eis aphesin hamartion. For this is my blood of the new testament which shall be shed for many.
2. Mark 14.24: Touto estin to haima mou tes kaines diathekes to huper pollon ekchunnomenon. This is my blood of the new testament which shall be shed for many.
3. Luke 22.20: Touto to poterion he kaine diatheke en to haimati mou to huper pollon ekchunnomenon. This is the chalice, the new testament in my blood, which shall be shed for you.
4. 1 Cor. 11.25: Touto to poterion he kaine diatheke estin en to emo haimati. This chalice is the new testament in my blood.

The divine insitution of the sacrifice of the altar is proved by showing (1) that the shedding of blood spoken of in the text took place there and then and not for the first time on the cross (my underlining); (2) that it was a true and real sacrifice;

(3) that it was considered a permanent institution in the Church. The present form of the participle ekchunnomenon in conjunction with the present estin establishes the first point. For it is a grammatical rule of N.T. Greek that, when the double present is used (that is, both the participle and the finite verb, as is the case here) the time denoted is not the distant or near future, but strictly the present. . . when the Vulgate translates the Greek participles by the future (effundetur, fundetur) it is not at variance with facts, considering that the mystical shedding of blood in the chalice, if it were not brought into intimate relation with the physical shedding of blood on the cross, would be impossible and meaningless. Still, from the standpoint of philology, effunditur (funditur) ouhgt to be translated into the strictly present, as is really done in many ancient codices.'

It is the commitment at the supper that I like to attach to, and have in mind when reading, the Fatigue; for I am greatly moved by 'you will complete the routine': the ineluctable 'drill' self-chosen by Christ - and, following upon this, the raher different and administrative sense in which 'routine' recures later in the poem (where an high administration deals in world routine . . . by routine decrees . . .) I was talking about thus to a young priest of my acquaintance, very instant in good works; and I saw a slightly glazed look coming over his face. 'You're not really interested in this, Hugh, are you?' I said. '. . . well, no, Rene, quite honestly I'm not', he answered.

Shanagarry, Co. Cork, 22.8.74

It is good of you, dearest Dai, to take so much trouble - two letters I have to thank you for (the later one arrived in fact the day before the earlier one, so I waited for the latter before writing).

I was gald to see that I was more or less correct in what I half guessed. I see now that the reason why I asscoiated Maritain with the 'O the Academies' was what he says about how late it was that those arts which might dirty your hands or make you sweat were included among the 'liberal arts' (your mention of Josh. Reynolds brings this out). 'Hautes eagle-heights' reminds me of walking with Bernard (God keep him) and Barbara and Tom thro' the pass of Roncesvalles and seeing the great eagles winging over the hautes. That 'con flora calida etc' has a very pretty figure thatbthe rhethoricians call chiasmus (i.e. like the letter chi), a cross-over , so to speak, or criss-cross, I going with 4 in language and 2 with 3; and then 1 going with 3 in meaning, and 2 with 4: and then by a happy chance the Jerries use caps for nouns, so that you can read 'Fauna' and 'Flora' as pastoral and flower or spring goddesses.

I'm sending you, if I may, the next bit with this, Middle Sea and Lear Sea - and here agin, I fear, I am asking you some questios, necessitated by loss of memory or mere stupidity and ignorance.

I was glad to have your twin-urbes note, for I had said to myself 'I can uncderstand twin-urbs better than twin-urbes'. The duality of the householder's house (- which, seeing that the 'scriba' is 'doctus in regno caelorum', the reader is entitled to take as the 'domus dei') is the duality of new and old; and the reader, again, may take this in as wide a sense as he cares, the new and old covenant, the palladic foreshadowings etc. The reference, by the way, is Matthew I3.52.

Urbs and civitas (this is only from Lewis & Short - which, I think, is probably under your feet) - urbs is primarily a walled city, and, as you say, was largely confined by classical writers to Rome (less so by the poets, e.g. at the very beginning of the Aeneid 'Urbs antiqua fuit, Tyrii tenuere coloni' and Dido, when pressing the Trojans to settle with her 'Urbem quan statuo vestra est . . .'): and civitas was the body of <u>cives</u> or, as we would say, the state. Jerome, of course, brought it in more or less as we say 'city'. Oppidum correspnds to our town, tho' this had, too, the original of rising up out of the plain (Greek pedon) - which gives peculiar force to Hissarlik as matriz for West-oppida.

I was interested in what you say (in connection with the light in the eyes of the dead warriors) about the old Welsh loving uses of the same word in some different grammatical form and different meaning - for this is the same sort of delight as one has in (Ana. p.98) 'to blanch / main and Ushant' - where the verb blanch echoes the adjective in 'blanchmains' - going thro' the text, more and more of these things come to light and you'll see that I'm concerened about whether to note them or not - on the one hand, people, icluding myself can be stupid and unobservant, and on the other hand you can spoil the delicacy by crudity of explanation. Any way, it's a great delight to me, pursuing these clues. Hell, I must stop now for the post. And many thanks, Dai for your writing and trouble.

Shanagarry Cottage 15.9.74

Bananwyl! at last I've sorted out to my satisfaction the business of the eagles - their loss and their recovery (tho I've forgotten why I particularly wanted to know).

The eagles were first lost when Crassus (the Crassus, so to speak: Marcus Licinius Crassus, of Caesar—~~Pompey~~ - Crassus) came such a pasting at Carrhae & was killed by the Parthians. They were recovered, by negotiation, in ~~AD~~ B.C. 20. Page (ed. of Horace, on Horace Odes, 1.2.22) says 'Their (the Parthians') progress was stopped by two defeats inflicted on them by Ventidius, the legate of Antony, BC 39 & 39, & the lost standards were finally recovered by negotiation in BC 20. Coins are extant with the legend SIGNIS PARTHICIS RECEPTIS, & the subject is referred to by Horace & other poets with wearisome 'creation' the negotiations were a deal by which the emperor sided with Phraates IV of Parthia against Tiridates. Mommsen says of Carrhae 'For the first time since the eagles had heeled the legions, they had

m BC 53

become in the same year trophies of victory in the hands of foreign nations, almost contemporaneously of a German tribe in the west and of the Parthians in the east' (the German one was in Belgium, in the country of the Eburons, when, under Ambiorix, they overwhelmed Caesar's lieutenant Cotta.) — but Cotta's detachment was a very much smaller body than Crassus' great army.

Horror-coat (and thank you!) is fine — I see in the A.S. dictionary, and Beowulf v. 1443, here-byrne, war coslet — but what I like, too, is that horridus and ~~horrens~~ horrens are specially Virgilian adjectives for war — thus the Sibyl says to Aeneas 'bella, horrida bella ... discerno' and if the fom almost universally rejected this from the beginning of the Aeneid ('Ille ego, qui quondam ...') which retained, the poem would start

... at nunc horrentia Martis

Arma virumque cano .... Virgil's v. fond of the bristling of spears, armour etc. — And of course I have in my mind the ghost in Hamlet — 'rouse upon the fretful porpentine etc' —

transferring, so to speak, the bristling of the frightened person's hair (which 'stands') to the frightening horror-coated visitant. For the ghost of H's father was in armour, was he not? Yes — 'What may this mean, that thou, dead corse, again in complete steel, Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon' — and a few lines later (Act I, Scene IV) ... 'and we fools of nature so horridly to shake our disposition' — so, war, ~~armour~~, bronze are horrid, are horror, & so are ghosts. The reader is entitled, within reason, and even obliged, when re-creating the poem by reading it, to add what comes to him from his own 'heap'.

— Incidentally, this, when I think of it, the ghost in Hamlet wore 'his beaver up' — whereas I saw young Harry — (as you quote) with his beaver on. You have pointed out to me before the accuracy of your friend Leslie Poultes's quotation when he said '...beaver up'. I suppose the picture in my mind must be v. different from the actual scene, but I can (from your description) see it with great vividness, as tho' I had been there & had overheard it.

Thursday Sept 19

Dearest Bai - I kept this letter back for a day or two, for I thought I'd be hearing from you — as I have, this morning, a most invaluable letter. I'll write briefly now to say that I have it, with typed pages of Angle-land, & more later. But just a two things at this moment (I feel terrible at imposing this labour on you — when it is too much, you must just say 'I've had your letter (or typescript) it's more or less ok, or 'its all bollux'.)

Well, we have the burying outside the walls of the Romano-British castra, and the fear which the invaders felt of taking a ghost, cleared up. The key word is He (p.112) line 4, i.e. he came from Schleswig (spelling?) or some such place, & as you say, copied the Roman signum: and that's why the A.S. word tellan is used (one reason, anyway). Charlemagne, incidentally, & later 'Holy Roman' emperors, copied all the gear and paraphernalia of the real 'Roman', as the Byzantines thought, emperor — scarlet 'buskins' etc.

I'm delighted that you like 'from Lindum to London bridges broken down', for the London Bridge is falling down etc echo is beautiful. The feel of this culture breakdown — with 'cultured' men forced to the woods & brooks re-minds me very much (and I must remember to say this) of John Collier's Tom's a-cold — which I know you liked — and, oddly, the title has a Lear reference, just as the title-page of the Ana has.

Bloody sorry about this vile magazine Blackpiece. I don't like appearing, again appearing, in it. I didn't know. And I wishing piece were better. The trouble is one always says either too much or too little.

'Boudicca's royal erwan — I wrote 'erwan' by a slip, taken from the preceding line, for gwely.

The bittern — I think you were right. I quote (from the much-respected Field-guide to the birds of Britain & Europe by Peterson, Mountfort & Hollom) 'Habitat: dense reed-beds in fens, marshes, backwaters, lake-shores. Nests among reeds' — and their map shows the bittern as, in summer, living precisely in Essex, Lincs, Suffolk etc.

I must stop maundering on – I can well imagine that Mabinogi's Lityg is your favourite. For myself – well, I don't know, for it's as in the Aeneid – you might say 'I like the second book best', but the second book is positively without the others. This, I think, is specially true of Virgil – and, an odd thing, for many many readers the Aeneid ends at Book VI. With both poems you need to know the text so well that you've never reading a part – the rest is always in your mind. But if you said to me 'they are going to destroy the whole of the Ilia except one part – which will you keep?' – I think I'd have to say Rite structure: if, that is, I were allowed to retain even a dim memory of the later parts. – I'm so grateful, Dai, for all your trouble. Oh! I asked Blackwell's to send you a Cruden's Concordance (tho' you may have found yours by now) on my behalf – I hope they do – they're bloody slow. The only thing they sent me quickly (to my surprise) was those immensely valuable Roman Brit & Dark Ages maps. – All author, dear Dai, from

bounden René

René sending this
& am writing more to-day.
but post waiting